

## You Don't Need It by OTTSTF

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**Summary:**

*"Do you like my hair?"*

## You Don't Need It

### Author's Note:

I *really* don't know what this is.

Just booted my netbook up, of all things, after a downtime of *months*, and found this laying there, covered in dust, in the documents.

Gave it a good wipe, decided it might as well get thrown here.

“Mike.”

“Yeah?”

“Do you like my hair?”

He glances over to said hair, looking for anything that's changed. He finds nothing.

“Yeah?” he clearly questions. “I’ve always loved it. Why, what’s changed?”

“Nothing... now.” she answers. “But, before. I... didn’t have it.”

He remembers the image of her shaved head clearly; arguably an image he'll never forget.

“Of course I like your hair, El. It's lovely. It's part of you, and it suits you perfectly.”

She smiles briefly, ducking her head in her classic shy movement.

“But... when we were alone, by the mirror, you called me pretty without it.”

Now he's the one to smile shyly, remembering the sudden wave of confidence he felt with her well.

“You were.” he defends.

“But you say you like me like this, so... were you lying, then?”

“What? No! Why would I have been lying?”

“You... want me to be happy. So you tell me I’m pretty.”

“El, you *are* pretty. You *were* pretty. You always will be.”

She ponders over that, lightly feeling the bed of hair atop her head.

“I meant what I said, El.” he informs her. “You don’t *need* it to be pretty. But that doesn’t stop it from looking good on you once it grows.”

She finds herself smiling as she remembers the day he’d first told her that. *Yeah, real pretty.*

The smile grows as she hears his voice say those words.

“But... which is better?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do I look better... with or without hair?”

“El, your hair really suits you. It’s great. But you’d still be beautiful if it hadn’t grown.”

She smiles softly.

“Why do you ask? I thought you liked it?” he questions.

“I do.” she confirms. “I just... wanted to make sure *you* like it.”

He sighs, gasps, gapes in disbelief, all in one. Does she really think he’d want her to *shave her head*?

“El, I *love* your hair, but what you do with it is *your* choice. You’ll always be beautiful, whether your hair’s long or shaved. You don’t have to worry about what I think.”

She takes this in, and she smiles. Really smiles, wide and infectious.

“So...” she shyly ducks her head one last time.

“Still pretty?”

Mike huffs a small laugh before using one arm to pull her in for a hug, then placing a kiss atop her head, through said hair.

“Always pretty.”

**Author's Note:**

Still don't know what this is tbh.